

# CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

"WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST...BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD."

VOLUME II. NO. 21.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1849.

WHOLE NO. 73

## CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

D. Skinner, W. S. Balch, O. A. Skinner, S. C. Bulkeley, and  
B. E. Hallock, Editors.

PUBLISHING OFFICE, NO. 3 ASTOR HOUSE, BARCLAY-STREET,

TERMS: \$2 50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

Original.

### REST FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY REV. E. CASE, JR.

"There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God."  
*Heb. iv. 9.*

BUT to the main question: Do we want this rest? As it will be impossible to consider all the cases that occur to illustrate this question, we can only refer to two or three from the ranks of life, sufficiently diversified to present a general answer for the whole. And in the first place let us take the man of riches, rank, and fashion,—him whom, from the ordinary way of viewing things, we esteem the most happy. Put the question to him, "Sir, from what I am able to learn, I have reason to deem you one of the most happy of men. Pray tell me, for I am desirous to know, Does life ever weary you? Do its pleasures and amusements ever become insipid? Is this life such an one as you could wish would never end, provided you were never to grow older?" What is his answer? I think I hear him saying, "Sir, if you take me to be a happy man, you are mistaken. It is true, I live in a splendid mansion. I am surrounded by all the luxuries of life. I pass my days in all the voluptuousness of plenty and refinement. I am able to administer to every want, and to satisfy every desire. The earth, the air, the ocean administer to my every want as far as it is possible for me to enjoy. But, sir: the most refined sensual gratifications are those that pall the quickest, the most delicate appetites, those that are soonest satiated; and the most refined desires, those that it costs most to gratify. To him who has soonest exhausted the efforts to please himself, the world soonest becomes insipid; and this eternal chase after the pleasures and gratifications of a vain-glorious world is, after all, unworthy of me as a human being, and of those powers and capacities of soul that exist, as an emanation from the Deity, within me. The very fact that to me there is little left to enjoy, weighs heavily upon my soul; and the most miserable of all men, is he who, being in the possession of all that can add refinement and comfort to life, has lost the power to enjoy, from the very surfeit of enjoyment. Life, to me, is not so much the enjoyment of life, as the endurance of it, and I look forward in hope to a period when pleasure shall not be debased by appetites and desires that pall with the first approaches of gratification."

Now, to see if this be a false reply which I have drawn from the mouth of your imaginary happy man, allow me to substantiate it by a quotation from the refined and elo-

quent Lord Chesterfield, the beau ideal for a time, of just such a man as we have supposed. He says:

"I have enjoyed all the pleasures of this world, and consequently know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their true value, which, in truth, is very low; whereas those who have never experienced them, always overrate them. They only see the gay outside, and are dazzled with their glare; but I have been behind the scenes. It is a common notion—and like many a common one, a *very false one*,—that those who have led a life of pleasure and business, can never be easy in retirement; whereas I am persuaded that they are the only ones who can, if they have any sense and reflection. They can look back without an evil eye upon what they, from knowledge, are acquainted with. I look upon all that has passed as one of those romantic dreams that opium commonly occasions; and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose, for the sake of the fugitive dream. When I say that I have no regret, I do not say that I have no *remorse*; for a life either of business, or still more of *pleasure, never was, nor ever will be, a state of innocence!* I have been as *wicked* and as *vain*, though not so wise as Solomon, but am now wise enough to feel and attest the truth of his reflection, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." This truth is never sufficiently discovered by speculation; experience is, in this case, necessary for conviction. I consider life as one wholly unconcerned in it; and even when I reflect upon what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done myself, I can hardly persuade myself that all the frivolous hurry, and haste, and pleasure of the world had any reality; but they seem to have been the dreams of restless nights."

So much for Lord Chesterfield. Now for the experience of the gifted, but ill-fated Lord Byron. Born heir to an hereditary estate of nearly £250,000, gifted with a genius that made him at once the pride and the terror of his literary cotemporaries, and having it in his power to command all that one man need desire, either of reasonable or unreasonable pleasures, hear what he says of life and its falsely esteemed happiness:

"My soul is sick of this long day!

I'm weary of its lingering light,

And, loathing life, I turn away

To weep and wish for night.

I long to lay me gently down

And slumber on my mother's breast;

And would exchange an empire's crown

For everlasting rest.

Though but in manhood's morn I stand,

I've lived the laurel wreath to gain;

My songs are heard in every land,

And beauty breathes the strain.

Her smiles and sweetest tears are mine;

And yet, of love, youth, fame possess,

O, gladly would my heart resign,

All—all for endless rest.

The dreams for which men love to live,



Or dare to die,—the gilded cloud  
Of glory for a tomb I'd give;—  
For silence and a shroud.  
I ask no paradise on high,  
With beings' strife on earth oppress:  
The only heaven for which I sigh  
Is rest,—eternal rest.

My natal day with tears I keep,  
Which I rejoiced in, when a child;  
And each return, the birth I weep  
O'er which my mother smiled.  
Bid heaven take back the birth it gave,  
That I, a cold and silent guest  
Within my father's house,—the grave,—  
May find a long—long rest.

Without my own consent I came,  
But with my wildest wish I go;—  
For I would fainly be the same  
I was, ere born to woe!  
My cold, hushed heart, with no pale gleams  
Of consciousness to wake or waste,  
I would have slept within its dreams,  
And rest—eternal rest."

Here we have the testimony of a Chesterfield and a Byron—both of them rich, both of them high-born,—both of them men of transcendent abilities and attainments, and both of them no mean judges of human nature and of life. They present a general summary, a brief epitome, of all that is called greatness or happiness in the life of your imaginary happy man.

Much that has been said in regard to our first instance, will apply to the second. I mean your merchant, or your tradesman. He rises in the morning with a mind calm and tranquil, if, perchance, he have a good night's sleep,—which, I would observe, is not always the case,—and he goes forth to encounter the toils and vexations of the day. Perhaps the first man he meets, or the first incident that transpires, something occurs to overthrow the equilibrium of the most well-balanced mind. Some debt has fallen unexpectedly due; some note, through negligence, has been protested; some job has been badly executed; some murmur or complaint is heard from some ill-humored customer. Or, if he be a professional man, some suit has been decided against him, and lost through some slight informality; some technicality has been omitted; and now he must meet a murmuring, fault-finding, and ascetic client, whose peevishness is doubly aggravated; and all this after having done all that human wisdom and foresight can do;—all this, perhaps, when a dishonest and uncandid client has striven to take advantage of the law by concealing important truths and important facts, essential to success; and which, if known might have forbidden him to undertake the suit. Such being the facts, to a man of tender and delicate sensibilities, who feels his reputation and his honor as a man have been thus jeopardized unknown to himself, by the secret and dishonest machinations of another, and his fair fame called in question; the mind, unless under something like superhuman control, is liable to be agitated, good nature, charity, and forbearance put to flight, and peace and quiet for that day, effectually destroyed. If this state of feeling does not invade the holy sanctuary of home, and cast a cloud over the sunlight of those near and dear to him, in God's mercy, it is well. Night comes, and he lays him down for refreshment from these harassing cares and anxieties, in the arms of "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," and while he thinks of the trials and vanities of human affairs, he cries out to himself, "O, that I had wings like a dove, for then I would fly away and be at rest!"

So much for your man of busy and professional life. Now for your poor man,—he who battles with a stout heart and a noble soul against that world that in poverty, and oftentimes wretchedness, seems to have united its most adverse elements against him;—he who feels indeed it is a hard thing to be poor; and whose eye is ever turned upward, and whose feet are ever striving to ascend, and yet who never rises, but to fall. Let us turn our eye to him. And there are plenty of them. We cannot cast our eye in any direction but we can find them. They meet us at every corner of the street, in every by-path and in every alley. You will find them bending in patience and hope, over the brick and the mortar, over the mattock and the spade, over the shovel and the ploughshare, over the axe and wood-saw, in every nook and corner of the land. They are the tenants of the humble and lowly dwellings. They tread not beneath the lofty ceilings, the high-arched domes, the frescoed halls, and in carpeted saloons. They sleep not upon downy beds with silken canopies, nor recline themselves at ease upon velvet sofas and hair-cloth settees. They fare not "sumptuously every day," nor go clothed in purple and fine linen. But still, they are noble specimens of humanity. They are the iron frame-work of our race, and thank God, they carry honest hearts and open and manly countenances. Their pulses give not now and then

"A castigated wallop"

as the poet says, over some ill-gotten gains, some widow's mite or some orphan's patrimony; and some of life's joys have not lost their relish to them from the satiety of ease and the imbecility of luxury, though they may be somewhat coarse and homely. He has a home also. Sacred word! Holy and heavenly place! though it be but an humble cottage. He has a *home*! He has a companion that aids to cheer and bless him in his daily toil, that helps him with the strength of her confidence and trust to bear up the shield that wards off the arrows of misfortune. And his children climb upon his knees, and smile as sweetly in his care-worn and weather-beaten face, as though he were a king, and they were bred in the lap of a pampered luxury. But he is *poor*—an honest word, though unfortunate; as poverty is, with some, nearly allied to crime. He, perhaps, of all, has most reason to exclaim, when life rests heaviest upon him, "Oh, life is a hard lot; a tedious journey; a fearful legacy; a heavy burden!"

I've seen yon weary wintry sun  
Twice twenty years return,  
And every time has added proofs  
That man was made to mourn!

I'm weary of this incessant struggle with a fate that is ever against me! I'm weary of climbing life's hill, where one step forward is making two backward! I'm weary of rolling the stone up the mountain, that only falls back again to crush me. I am weary of contending with close-fisted and heartless task-masters, where

"Man's inhumanity to man,  
Makes countless thousands mourn.

I long for a release from this struggle, a discharge from this warfare. I long for a life that is something more than slavishness and drudgery; for here, *now*, everything seems to be as nothing. I long for a life in that better world, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Such is the experience of the poor man. I am not going to say that he does not complain often unjustly. I only say, such is his experience; and much of it, undoubtedly is true.

We will at once see, then, that if these instances cov-



er all the ground proposed, that we all have need of the rest spoken of in the text—spiritual rest; for it is the spirit of man that has to encounter and bear up against all these numerous ills; and a “wounded spirit who can bear?”

I think I am safe in saying that all men, in their several circumstances, at periods in their lives, have felt after the manner described in the foregoing instances. Weary with hoping, where hope has so often proved untrue; tired of battling with the elements and passions of life; grieved at so often seeing the golden bowl dashed from their lips, the pitcher so often broken at life's fountain; the wheel at the cistern so often rent from its place, they cry out, as has been well observed, “like the little child, O, it seems as if everything was nothing!”

The great dramatic poet has finely expressed this feeling:

“To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow  
Creeps in this petty space from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death.

Life's but a walking shadow—a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more: It is a tale  
Told by an idiot; full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.”

But this is, perhaps, too much exaggerated. “Bound up,” says Dewy, “in this life of hours, are thoughts and feelings that spurn all visible existence.” No wonder, then, that we should often repine at apparent incongruities of this world at its best estate. By a wise care and foresight of our heavenly Father, a provision has been made to meet this very exigency of feeling. The text pre-supposes the very imperfections we have discussed. It pre-supposes that this world, in its most reasonable enjoyments is unsatisfactory. At this very point, then, it comes to us, and like an angel of light—some starry-winged messenger, with the Gospel of glad tidings, to meet, and sustain, and cheer the sinking soul, it says, “There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God.” Deem not that you have felt, that you know all of life! You know not what it is to *live*! You are only in the *ante-chamber of existence*! Beyond you, in the starry regions of the upper space, in the bright ideal of faith, lies a world of life, and happiness, and joy—of feeling—emotion—transcendent loveliness, that shall fill up the aching bosom and answer all its anticipations of happiness and rest. Be true to your trust! be faithful; be patient; learn to *endure*. A little while, and the spirit's eye shall be unsealed, and the spirit-world with all its inconceivable glories, with all its beatified intelligences, with all its transcendent raptures shall burst upon the soul, and then God shall reveal the riches of the things he has “prepared for them that love him.” Life may have become wearisome to you; its wear and tear of soul may have wasted you; but remember Heaven is above you, earth is beneath you; the past is behind you, and eternity is before you; Christ, the good shepherd, is waiting for you, and God himself is bending over you with infinite mercy, tender compassion, and deathless love. Let these thoughts make you wiser, a happier, and a better being. Trust in Him! Confide in him! Rejoice in Him with joy unspeakable and full of glory. In the hour of calamity, He will support you! In the hour of bereavement, He will comfort you! In the hour of death He will not forsake you, but will fold you softly in His arms and rock you to rest upon his bosom.

There remaineth, then, a rest for the people of God. Precious thought! How the dark cloud rolls away from the things of time! How the mystery of life is made

clear! How the comforts of heaven, and a foretaste of the joys of the blessed break in upon the soul! I see myself as I am! a being upon the verge of two worlds without strength to sustain myself alone; and the chasm of a dark and dread oblivion, a fearful annihilation yawning beneath me! The shades of death draw near! My sight grows dim and dizzy. My strength grows weak and feeble! My brain reels and darkens! The world recedes and disappears! I sink—I fall. Ah, no! The arms of Infinite Strength and Eternal Goodness are stretched out to save me! The gulf of oblivion is passed! Heaven opens on my eyes—my ears! A throng seraphic greets me! The Good Shepherd folds me in his arms! God smiles upon me! I am home—yes! *home* to the long wished for “rest” at last! “O, sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvellous things. His right hand and holy arm hath gotten him the victory!”

Geneva, N. Y., March, 1849.

#### FIVE YEARS' RESIDENCE IN NEW-LONDON, CONN. NUMBER IX.

BY REV. T. J. GREENWOOD.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In what I have said of Elder Swan in a former communication, I have endeavored to speak of him and his movements in such a manner as to do him no injustice; and I am happy to add that, notwithstanding all the vituperation and abuse he has poured out from the desk, against Universalism and Universalists; and, notwithstanding in his pulpit ravings I am compelled to think him a religious *mountebank* of the coarsest sort, often

“Playing such fantastic tricks before high heaven,  
As make the angels weep;”

and, notwithstanding I fully believe that his public career is doing more to bring Christianity, and even the very *name* of Religion into disrepute, than can be counter-worked by the labors of any dozen truly devout and discreet men, still I am ready to confess that, towards me, personally, (though it is true that we came not frequently in contact,) his conduct has been as courteous and gentlemanly as that of any other clergyman of the place. In saying this, I am aware that an allusion to him in a former letter, in connection with the funeral of the sufferers by the loss of the *Atlantic*, will require explanation. I stated, and have the proof, that the Rev. Mr. Edwards said to a gentleman, at the time when the funeral of two of the sufferers was about to take place, as follows: “Elder Swan and others say that they are not willing to have anything to do with the funeral, if Mr. Greenwood is to take part in the exercises.” This is certainly the purport of, and I believe very nearly if not quite *verbatim* the remark. When I first published the statement, I had learned that Elder Swan had *denied* making any such assertion; and I so stated. But previous to his leaving New-London, I questioned him *personally* in reference to the subject, and he stated to me unreservedly, that *he had never said anything of the kind, and had never given any one authority to make the statement*; that, in fact, when he went to the funeral, he did not know what course he should pursue; and that when he subsequently learned that Mr. Edwards had made the statement, he called on *him* personally, and disclaimed having made any such statement; and also on some other person who had reported him as the author for a like purpose. And to show his own consciousness of the *meanness* of the act which had been charged upon him, he added, addressing me, “Your creed and mine are as wide apart as the world; but I do not intend that circumstance shall make me forget what belongs to gentleman-



ly courtesy, in my intercourse, so far as I know what it is." This I am fully confident Elder Swan will verify anywhere. And the matter standing thus, I have no alternative, as at present advised, than to believe that the phrase "Elder Swan and others," was used by the Rev. Mr. Edwards to cover his own personal desire, which he had not the manliness to avow—through a spirit of bigoted sectarianism, to show his unwillingness to associate with one who happened to be guilty of the *crime* of believing that God's mercy is as limitless as His power; and that, in His own due time, He will so manifest it that both bigotry and sectarianism shall sleep a sleep that knows no waking.

Happy, most happy should I be, to be convinced from any quarter, that even the act of more than common meanness of which I speak was the result of inconsiderate haste in the perpetration. For, under the solemn circumstances in which we were placed, it would seem that the mind should have known and felt deeper, higher, and holier influences than to have permitted it to descend, in such an hour, to the indulgence of a spirit which good men everywhere reprobate, and none indulge, except through the malign influence of a pharisaism which assumes the garb of Heaven, in the guise of which to do homage to the demon of spiritual pride and self-righteousness, serving thus the meanest, basest passions of the human soul. But facts subsequently developed, in reference to him of whose conduct I speak, deprive me of the power of putting this charitable construction on the transaction. For there are circumstances in relation to his course, of a kindred character, which nothing would induce me to state, did I not believe that the public should know what striking similitude there is between the spirit of Him, whose sin, in the eyes of His enemies was, that he received sinners and ate with them, and some who profess to teach His doctrines as His followers.

Subsequently to the loss of the Atlantic, a gentleman visited New-London, and called on me, stating that he proposed to take a class in Elocution, with a view to induce a manner of speaking that should free the speaker from a liability to those bronchial difficulties, by which so many suffer.

Having heard of the gentleman before, as having instructed several classes in Boston, I readily consented to join a class, and proposed immediate subscription to his terms. This, he stated, was not then necessary, for he intended calling on the professional men generally, to ascertain whether he could find sufficient encouragement to remain, and if so, he would soon call again. He did subsequently call, and, manifesting some embarrassment, inquired whether the clergy of the place were not on personally friendly terms? and stated, that among others he had called on Mr. Edwards, who inquired if Mr. Greenwood was to attend? He was informed that I had been spoken to, and would attend the class, when the Reverend follower of Him who was "meek and lowly of heart" stated that if Mr. Greenwood was to attend the class he could not join it, but if Mr. Greenwood could be excluded he should like to join!

On hearing this statement, I at once remarked that I should not only be unwilling to stand in the way of the Rev. Mr. Edwards, or any one else who wished to attend, but I should also be unwilling to deprive the Teacher of success, and I would exclude myself from the benefit of his instruction, which I very much desired. "No!" said the teacher; "I stated to Mr. Edwards that my principle was to have nothing to do with the sectarian differences of other men, but to regard all as alike entitled to their views; and to be respected according to their moral standing, and with regard to Mr. G., as with any one else, I shall assert this principle and abide by it, whether I have many or few to teach. A small class was formed;

but the Rev. Mr. Edwards wrapped the mantle of his Christian charity about him and stood aloof, on the dignified platform, "Come not near me, for I am holier than thou!"

Such, then, was the course pursued, socially and religiously, towards the Universalists in New-London, so far as the Presbyterian ministers were concerned; and such were the means used to keep the fears of the timid, and the prejudices of the weak-minded away even from an investigation of the truths which they held. And who doubts that—had the laws of the land permitted, the disposition was not lacking, which the ancient pharisees practiced toward the early Christian; and which, in every subsequent age, where popular prejudice would sanction, has sought its ascendancy in persecution, even unto the death, of those who stood in the way of the arrogant sway of pompous self-righteousness and dogmatism.

I had fondly hoped that in the rapidly advancing light of the age, there was no other spot so dark in bigotry as to tolerate for an hour, in a professed teacher of the religion of Jesus, such bigotry as I found in some of the New-London clergy; and for a time I solaced myself with the reflection that when the foul spirit was exorcised from that place, by the lives and labors of those who followed nearer to the MASTER, the last relic of the persecuting spirit would have been banished from the land. But my hopes were too sanguine. The spirit dwells elsewhere in the State. A moderator of a town meeting in Bridgeport in Connecticut, a short time since, refused to put a vote on conscientious scruples, when a Universalist clergyman of the town, known through a wide range for his mild, manly, correct, and Christian deportment, was nominated for the office of school-committee!! I cite this instance of exalted Christian spirit, for the double purpose of showing that there is yet a work of enlightenment to be done, even in New-England; and also to show to the Rev. Tryon Edwards, of New-London that he is not "*alone* with his glory;" but that he may claim close affinity with his brother in the faith at Bridgeport, and that the *two* may stand *par nobile fratrum*, as it is said that a dilapidated gibbet once stood upon a distant sea-coast, to enable some shipwrecked mariners who were thrown there, to bless God that they were in a *Christian* country!

It is true it has been stated by Mr. Edwards, and pleaded by his friends, that it is only on religious grounds that he thus refuses association and civility; that even to hold any association with a Universalist, would be to endorse his opinions, or countenance them; and that he was doubtless sincere! But aside from the utter groundlessness of the plea, I would ask on what other ground even the Pharisees of the Savior's time refused civility to him, than that it would give countenance to his teachings? Did not even Saul of Tarsus plead *conscience* and sincerity for the mad and unhallowed course which he pursued against the innocent? And did he, when relieved from his self-righteous spirit, ever recommend a like course to the followers of the Lamb? No one will pretend it. And whatever may be the excuse, or by whomsoever practised, whether by Dr. Edwards or Dr. Wiseman, the public will regard such conduct in its true light, and whether they express it or not, they will not fail to feel that contempt for those who practise it, which their littleness deserves!

Having thus plainly spoken of those whose conduct, in reference to the cause of Universalism in New-London, seemed to me to be reprehensible in the highest degree, I aver that I seek not the harm of, nor do I cherish personally an unkind feeling toward either of them. But the cause in which I have labored, believing it to be the cause of God and humanity, has, by them, been publicly and most grossly insulted through me; and to pass it by



without rebuke is, in my view, neither generous nor just. If, in my language, I have seemed to want respect for the men on whose conduct I have animadverted, I plead this only, in the language of another:

"I show no respect where I never can feel it,  
And as for contempt, take no pains to conceal it."

In leaving this unpleasant part of my subject, it affords me pleasure to state, that the conduct of the clergy implicated has not been deemed a good example by the great body of their societies, but has been as pointedly condemned by members of their own churches as by myself. And among them, I may add in closing this protracted letter, I have left many warmly cherished friends.

Dover, N. H., March, 1849.

## Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER—NO. XXXVI.

PARIS, Oct. 1, 1848.

It is Sunday, but they have no *Sabbath* here. Every thing goes on as on any other day, except that those who can afford it, close their places of business for a few hours, and make it a sort of gala day. The government regards it so far that the assembly and courts adjourn over till Monday, but order their elections and great military parades to take place on Sunday. And the great fetes of the Church usually occur on this day. Sunday is nowhere regarded so religiously and rationally as in our country, especially in the northern States. In Scotland there is some approach to it. With us the rich and poor, the workers and men of leisure, all ranks and conditions, make it a day of repose from all labor, and a time for moral culture and social improvement. The effect of such observance has been to produce much good, by equalizing, harmonizing, and liberalizing the feelings, and purifying and elevating the affections. The benefits are seen in our domestic enjoyments and public institutions, in the general concern felt for the welfare of our fellow-men, and the exhibition of greater respect for the laws of God and man. To the free spirit of Christianity taught on the Lord's day to all classes of the people, regardless of the circumstances of life, we are indebted for our prosperity and nationality. The very spirit of true Protestantism tends to freedom, but more especially that form of it which calls no man on earth master, which abjures alike the power of the popes, and the assumption of prelates, and the decisions of councils and conventicles, assenting only to the dictates of reason and the voice of God. We have another advantage in our country: everything pertaining to religion is *voluntary*. Hence every man who considers the matter seriously enough to be at all influenced by it, feels a responsibility, discovers a duty, and this from a religious principle, from respect to God's command, as a matter of duty, as an act of obedience, which indicates a moral consciousness of his own proper dignity and a disposition to act worthy of it, to maintain a character which shall bear some semblance of approach to the Christian standard.

The influence of the Romish Church, blended as it long has been with the political affairs of nations, and ever proud of its rank, and power, and rule over the great proportion of earth, has greatly degenerated down to a standard to meet the low and corrupted tastes and habits of those whose confidence and support it seeks. Everywhere upon the continent—in Ireland, Italy, and France particularly, it is most obvious to every one, that religion has but a feeble hold upon men's affections and judgments. Almost all show it an outward respect, for all

feel a sort of superstitious reverence for it, such as one does for a politician in his dotage, whose principles and counsels he rejects, and whose acts he does not much care to honor; but who has once been great, and done some good in his day. I have been astonished to find so little real respect paid to the institutions of Christianity, even to the form of worship in Catholic countries. Few attend upon the ministrations of religion, except upon great fete days or under circumstances peculiarly attractive and exciting. The priests go on with their services as devotedly with few or none in attendance, as if multitudes were waiting in deep anxiety to catch the words of instruction which should lead to repentance and salvation, and give comfort and hope. People are continually passing in and out of their churches and cathedrals, with a careless or curious air, as they would go to a cafe or salon, to talk over the news of the day, to look at beautiful pictures, fine statuary, or elegant architecture.

Out of the church all is gaiety and amusement. The public places are all thronged. The Hippodrome, balloon ascensions, circuses, theatres, operas, gardens, &c., are all more crowded than on any other day of the week. All along the Champ d'Elysees are paraded stands for the sale of toys, cakes, candies, drinks, pictures, and all sorts of light articles. Every now and then groups are seen together, witnessing the tricks of legerdemain, feats of archery, the gambols of a legless man, the antics of a dog,—every kind of sport and game which can minister to a vulgar taste. The beautiful grounds from the Tuileries to the Arc de Triomphe, present the appearance of a New England muster-field, with the troops dismissed. The numerous soldiers mixed among the masses, with the encampment of tents, the sport and gaiety of the masses, the stands of gingerbread, are all there. Nothing is wanting but a few burly auctioneers, for Peter Funks are in great abundance. The Boulevard, the Palais Royal, the Jardin des Plantes, in short, all places of public resort and amusement in the city, with St. Cloud and Versailles, and some other places around, present their strongest attractions on Sunday.

To all this we witnessed one exception I would not fail to notice. The churches of the Protestants are well attended by apparently sincere and devout worshippers. Last Sunday we attended the Oratoire church in Rue St. Honore, near the Louvre, expecting to hear Mr. Coquerel. He did not preach there that day. But we were glad we went. It gave us relief. We felt as if we were in the neighborhood of home. A plain building, devoid of pictures and statues; an intelligent looking audience, an agreeable singing of hymns, an extemporaneous prayer and sermon—everything seemed solemn and spiritual. My soul was awakened to deep religious feeling, such as I have not experienced these many weeks. I was blessed and happy. O, there is a charm, a beauty, a power, and a bliss in the simple and earnest worship of the true protestant, which those who are hampered with forms can never enjoy. Religion has to do with men's hearts, and the less the senses are attracted by outward objects, by forms and symbols, the more intimate will be the fellowship of the spirit with that Being who cannot be likened to anything in heaven above or earth beneath; who is a spirit, and seeketh such to worship, as worship in spirit and in truth. There is something solemn in the deep-toned music, the pealing organ, the responsive choir, the bursting anthem, as heard in High Mass; but the judgment is not convinced, reason is not informed, nor the heart improved much more than at an opera.

It may be from force of education that I speak thus. But I have tried to look at these things candidly, philosophically, in a way to form a true estimate of their comparative value. I judge not from my feelings merely when I repudiate the formal, and cling with an increased



and loving assurance, to the value of the simple and more spiritual method. I have witnessed the effects of both. The former is exact, studied, submissive to rule, directed by man. The other seems to be voluntary, cheerful, sincere, earnest. In one the will, the freedom, the individual, the *self*, seems to be lost or suspended, or, at best, passively active. In the other, the whole soul appears to be roused into thoughtfulness, and quickened into holy and vigorous action. The first, it seems to me, looks not beyond the form and him who administers it, a man-pleaser; while the latter forgets all but God and his own soul, and seeks with his whole heart to know and to do the will of his Father. One feels and acts as if his duty is *done* when the service is ended, the beads counted, or the Aves said, and he goes his way to mingle with the gay and frivolous. The other feels that his duty is but just begun, that he has done little more than learned what he ought to do to please God, and he goes out with good resolutions strengthened, with deeper reverence and purer aspirations. And the social and moral condition of Catholic compared with Protestant countries, or even those Protestant countries where a set form of governmental worship is established, compared with those which are free and voluntary, affords justification of the opinion I have expressed. Compare Italy, Spain, and Ireland with Germany, Switzerland and England, and then Germany under Lutheranism and England under Episcopalianism, with Switzerland and Holland, Scotland and America, abating, of course, in the latter comparison, much for the influence which non-conformism has had in moulding the public sentiment and shaping the condition of the people. I am confident there is something in all this; that causes so unlike cannot produce effects which are similar, and that the great diversity of condition, socially, morally, and religiously, of the *masses*, who are most directly affected, is not without an adequate cause.

I have sought to observe these things closely during my travels, and I am fully convinced of the truth of the conclusions above given. I have not seen, on all the continent, an audience so intelligent, and refined, and devout in appearance, as at the Oratoire. And yet there was no attempt at display; no idle mockery of worship. All seemed sincere, honest, and earnest in the services of the sanctuary. The manner of worship was very much like that in Germany. The number of the hymns to be sung was hung up in large figures about the church. On entering the men stood a moment in silent prayer before sitting, and the women leaned slightly forward for the same purpose. The congregation sung. The sermon was distinctly delivered. Much of it was exhortatory, and breathed an excellent spirit. During the delivery, the preacher stopped twice and sat down, as if he was done. After a minute or so he rose, and commenced on another branch of his subject. Such is the custom in Germany and Switzerland.

To-day we have been to the two principal Catholic churches, with some friends from Pennsylvania with whom we have met. In one of these a Frere preached a short sermon, or rather made a speech in favor of the claims of *the Church*, its authority, and the duty of all to submit cheerfully to all its ordinances, without questioning their reasonableness or propriety. With such things the people had nothing to do. The Church itself would take care of all that. The great danger to Christianity, he alleged, was the notion that each man had a right to examine and judge for himself, in things altogether above him, in matters of faith, in forms of worship, and the support of religion. And governments were doing wrong by tolerating such principles. God still exacted of the true and faithful a full and unqualified submission to the decrees of his church, ever held pure in

those who had succeeded to the authority of the holy apostles. As may well be supposed, such doctrines did not chime very well with the liberal notions of Americans. And we wondered how a nation, so long the scene and object of church arrogance could become so liberal in its aims and feeling. But when I recalled the ecclesiastical history of France and saw how the church had been wedded to the state, from which it derived its royalty, its vitality and force, I ceased to marvel, and rather wondered that in the reaction the church itself had not been overthrown with its royal consort. Its only security is in the *conservatism* of the people. The masses know no other way, and to be religious is natural to man. Knowing that fact, the managers of governments have humored the wish of the people, that, in turn, some advantage might be gained to themselves. But few of the well-informed here have any respect for the church, and none too much for religion. I am not surprised that such men as Voltaire, Montesquieu, Diderot, D'Alembert, and Rousseau, after Richelieu and the Bourbons, should reject, and oppose, and ridicule the Church; but I regret that their mighty talents had not been given to sounder service than hostility to all religion—to educate the people, remove errors, corruptions and abuses from true Christianity, and thus helped to lay firm and sure the foundation of a true regeneration of their country. The deeds of Mirabeau, Robespierre and the reign of terror might thus have been escaped, and the course of Bonaparte would never have been needed. But such was not the way of Providence. France has been made a spectacle to all nations of the extent and folly of misgovernment. She is now, as before, nobly struggling to redeem herself from the disgrace of political and ecclesiastical despotism. Her danger lies in the discordance of the material, growing out of the want of the general diffusion of good practical knowledge, a consciousness of individual right and responsibility and the dependencies and duties of social life—in a word, for lack of the true influence of Christianity. If the trial fails, the Church will be at fault. The ultra radicals, the veriest socialists are not a hundredth part so dangerous as the priests of the Catholic religion, for they are not so schooled in the arts, and intrigues and duplicity which have ever characterized the proceedings of the church. No means would be left unemployed to restore a Bourbon, and many a Bishop would rejoice to pour upon his head a single drop of the miraculous oil gathered from the Ampoule, in which the ointment brought from heaven by a dove was kept till broken by polluted hands, in the former revolution, with which the great Clovis was first anointed at Rheims, as most christian king and eldest son of the church!" and Charles X. the last to receive the holy unction. There is something singularly antagonistic between Democratic Republics and Religious Oligarchies—something that will not harmonize. The Church, when it could not rule, has been exceedingly submissive and humble—but once give it opportunity, and then mark the change! How sudden! how complete! There must have been a church principle burning all the while, and wanting only opportunity to burst out in the most fearful flames. How vast has been the influence of the Church in all the revolutions and counter-revolutions of Europe! How much has the fate of nations depended on its decisions! Is it likely that all such aspirations are banished? Where is the reason? Not in the history of the past; not in the attitude of the present. Let the lovers of freedom, then, "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made them free, and become not entangled in the yoke of bondage."

W. S. B.

☞ Fear is always cruel—the friend forsakes his companion—the husband leaves his wife—the mother deserts her child. Fear is cruel and selfish. This is shown in times of pestilence.



## CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY MARCH 31, 1849.

S. C. BULKELEY &amp; CO., PUBLISHERS.

## REMOVAL.

The Publishing Office of this paper, together with the Universalist Book Store, has been removed to No. 3 Astor House, Barclay-street.

If our Editorial brethren, will have the kindness to notice the fact of our removal, we will regard it as a favor, to be remembered and reciprocated.

As our New Office is convenient of access to our friends in the City, and Vicinity, as well as to those from the Country—we shall always be happy to see them whenever they may find it convenient to call on us. It is our intention to keep on hand a complete assortment of Denominational and Sunday School Books, which we shall sell at the lowest rates for cash. Orders for Binding Books, of any description, or for *Job Printing*, will receive punctual attention.

## PARTICULAR DIRECTIONS.

To enable our friends from the Country the more readily to find our new location, we deem it proper to state that Barclay-street, is on the North side of the Astor House, running from Broadway to the River. Our Store is in the Astor House, in Barclay-street, three doors from Broadway. By observing these directions, strangers will be able to find us without difficulty.

## EDUCATION AND UNIVERSALISM.

There seems to be something anomalous and strangely out of joint among Universalists in our country, with regard to education, and the extension of the necessary patronage and encouragement to higher seminaries of learning, for the education of our youth and our ministry. Especially does the existing state of things among us appear anomalous when we consider the age, the country, and the circumstances in which we live, and what obviously *should be* the influence of our faith on our hearts and our lives. We live in the middle of the nineteenth century, in the freest and most enlightened country on earth, with no tyrannical rulers, and oppressive laws, or civil or religious disabilities standing in the way of our progress; and we hold a faith which seemingly is sufficient to warm our hearts and animate our zeal for the performance of every duty and the putting forth of the most vigorous and persevering efforts to spread abroad our faith still wider in the earth, and diffuse therewith the blessings of science and a generous and liberal education. And yet, what are we doing in the cause of education—denominational education—what, in building academies and colleges—what, for the education of our youth in institutions of our own, free from the control and officious intermeddling of Partialists? Comparatively nothing, compared with what we should do, and are abundantly able to do; nothing to what other denominations, with the same means and ability, are doing for their cause in connection with the subject of education.

Now, what is the cause of this remissness on the part of Uni-

versalists? Is it *because* of their faith? or is it for the *want* of faith? It cannot be that their *faith* produces this remissness and negligence. For faith never produces faithlessness nor unfaithfulness. Besides, the primitive believers in our faith were zealously and actively engaged in the cause of education. Clements Alexandrinus stood at the head of one of the most celebrated schools of his age, and had the great Origen for his pupil, and afterward his successor, both of whom were firm and zealous defenders of the great doctrine of the restitution, and both of them prodigies of learning. Their successors of the same faith were patrons of learning. John Frederick Oberlin, the beloved and worthy pastor of the Ban de la Roche, who accomplished such prodigies for his people and neighborhood in the cause of education, was a devout and consistent Universalist, and his whole life a practical commentary on his faith. It is not then the faith of a world's salvation that produces this remissness among us in the cause of learning, but rather, we should say, the want of a *sufficiency* of this faith—the want of its life and power. We forget our highest good, the great end of our faith, the elevation of the soul, its purification and enlightenment, and the diffusion of light, and life, and love, and peace through the world. We are too worldly minded, too parsimonious; we cling to this world and the riches of this world, with as much tenacity as if we supposed there were no other riches but these, no other world but this; whereas, he who is rich in faith towards God, rich in good works, who lays hold on the "unsearchable riches of Christ," and seeks to diffuse them abroad, and make all men acquainted therewith, and possessors thereof, is, in reality, richer than the far-famed Croesus of old, yea, richer than if all the gold of Ophir and California united lay heaped up at his feet, and he were, at the same time, a stranger to the faith of Christ and the blessed hope of the Gospel. Did we not overestimate the riches of this world and under rate the riches of the Gospel, we should give thousands where we now give hundreds, for the cause of education and the further spread of our blessed faith; hundreds where we now give tens, and tens where we now give one. Individuals among us who can well afford to give *one hundred dollars* towards a college or a high school for Universalists—who have their thousands invested in lands, or mortgages, or stocks, will, when called on, subscribe *two, or three, or five, or at most ten dollars*, and think they have been *very liberal*; while their Partialist neighbors, in the same circumstances, will give from fifty to two hundred, for a similar object, in their own denomination.

How is it that our Partialist brethren can build, and do build and endow, colleges and academies by scores all over the country, while we have not yet a single college, and the few academies we have, languish, and do but half live for want of the necessary funds to sustain them? Why do our opposers give so freely for the cause of education among them? Is it said "the fear of hell drives them to it?"—that they would not do it were they not driven to it by this fear?—that they are not naturally more liberal than Universalists—that they do not more readily give to objects of general charity, the relief of the poor, of widows, orphans, &c.?—that they have got into the *habit* of giving for promoting the interests of their denominations, and hence they continue to give as a matter of course," &c.? Then we ask, shall it be said, and will we allow, that the fear of hell is more efficient to good fruits than the love of God and truth and duty? Have we no higher or better motive than they? or if we have, is it productive of less good, of less liberality, of less interest or less fidelity to duty than theirs! If they, from lower or worse motives, have got into the habit of doing their duty faith-



fully, shall we with higher and better motives before us, *never* get in the habit of doing our duty?—or instead of getting into the *habit* of doing it, never *once* perform it? O, where is our faith, or the evidence of our faith? “Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works,” says the apostle. “For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also, being alone.”

Let Universalists awake from their lethargy—awake to a sense of their duty and their destiny—think on the influence they *might* exert in the cause of education, and on the sentiments of the community at large, if they would but be active and do what they have abundantly the means of doing. Let them remember that their success and their destiny, their future prosperity, influence and power as a denomination, are in a great measure put into their own hands, and according to their improvement or misimprovement, their use or abuse of their means and privileges, will be their honor or dishonor, their glory or their shame.

Brethren, shall we faithfully do our duty, and live and prosper, and flourish as a denomination, with numerous and flourishing seminaries of learning endowed and controlled by us and sending forth a healthy and benign influence all over our country for many generations to come, which future generations shall bless and embalm our memory with everlasting gratitude? Or shall we neglect our duty, and sink into merited contempt and ignominy, and let our memory rot and our name perish forever from the earth?

D. S.

#### TWO MORE RIGHTEOUS MEN SACRIFICED.

The secular papers detail the circumstances of the execution of Andreas Hall and Barney O'Donnell in Troy, for the crime of murder. We cannot consent to copy the particulars; but we extract from the Troy Budget enough to give some idea of the inutility of such punishments:—

It was well known that the executions were to be in private, except in the presence of a few witnesses, and that they would not take place until about 3 o'clock. Yet in the face of a cold rain, and the streets and sidewalks almost swimming in mud, crowds of men, women and children filled every avenue about the jail, from 12 o'clock till almost night. And it was found needful to have the aid of the artillery and the Citizens' Corps to keep the crowd in decorum and protect the doors from their pressure.

Can the effect of a punishment which draws around it such a concourse under such circumstances, have a beneficial influence upon the morals of the community? For what purpose did this motley crowd assemble, and, despite the rain, and mud, and cold, remain from hour to hour to learn what they could of the terrible death of those wretched men? Was it to contemplate the great wickedness of murder, to approve the justice of the laws, to get any sort of good to themselves, by reflecting upon the past conduct of these men? Why then the need of “the artillery, and the Citizens' Corps, to keep the crowd in decorum and protect the doors?” It seems to us that the conduct on that occasion was proof sufficient to satisfy any candid mind of the pernicious influence of capital punishment.

But here follows the more solemn part of this awful transaction. We give these paragraphs at length, that our readers may see in what state of preparation the souls of these men were sent to their final account, by the sanction of the laws of this State, and the approbation of the clergy:—

A little before two o'clock, the witnesses invited to be present by the sheriff, among whom we are indebted to his politeness for being included, were conducted into a small room prepared for the execution. Soon afterwards the convicts came in from the cells adjoining—Hall attended by the Rev. Mr. Bald-

win, of the Baptist Church, and the Rev. Mr. Van Kleeck, of St. Paul's church; and O'Donnell attended by the Rev. Mr. Havermans, of St. Mary's, and Rev. Mr. Curry, of St. Peter's church. The latter were still engaged with O'D. in repeating the service of the Catholic Church, adapted to such occasions; while the former had been for some time in devotional exercises with Hall.

A few minutes past 3 o'clock, the convicts having been stationed under the loops that had been prepared for their execution, (O'Donnell being placed on a block three or four inches thick to make his height equal to Hall's,) the latter kneeled with his spiritual attendants while Mr. Baldwin led in a solemn and impressive extemporaneous prayer, and was followed by Mr. V. K. in the touching Episcopal service designed for such occasions. After they rose, Hall himself engaged in a humble confession of his sins, and in an ardent appeal to the Throne of Grace for forgiveness and mercy. O'Donnell having partaken of the sacred wafers, then kneeled, all the while with a cross clasped in his hands, which he often kissed fervently, and Father Havermans read the English and Latin services established for such emergencies, pronouncing absolution, &c., and then rising with the delivery of the Lord's Prayer and a solemn benediction. The halters were then appended to the loops—the two bid their ministerial friends and the sheriff good-by, and then shook hands themselves—Hall saying, “Good-by, Barney, we have got to go now,” but the latter simply whispering “Good by”—the sheriff pulled the fatal cord, the convicts were suddenly drawn about two feet from the floor, where they remained suspended, Hall kicking convulsively for a few moments, but O'Donnell remained perfectly passive with his cross still firmly clasped in his hands. The jerk was not sudden enough to break their necks, but they, nevertheless died in less than ten minutes, although there was a slight muscular pulsation for some minutes longer. After remaining on the gallows for half an hour, the bodies were taken down, and that of Hall was given into the hands of his friends, to be taken to Petersburg for interment; while that of O'Donnell was surrendered to his attendants for burial.

Both of these men had made full confessions of their guilt, had sincerely repented and prayed for forgiveness. One had received *absolution* and the *consecrated wafer*, according to the forms of the Romish Church; the other had given every evidence of the work of saving grace, and yet both are launched into eternity as if unfit to live on earth; or as, perhaps, Messrs. Cheever and Lewis would say, to preserve them from falling back into crime, if permitted to live. O'Donnell declared before God and the whole court of heaven, and the world, he was prepared to leave, in the grace of God, and with a *certain hope of a blessed immortality*; and Hall seemed equally certain of his forgiveness and salvation. Now was it not a pity to sacrifice two such men, so penitent, so religious, so full of hope, to the sternness of the civil law? There is a singular incongruity in the principles by which the gallows is sustained. It seems strange that our legislators do not investigate and understand this matter, and act aright. It is no marvel that clergymen do not. They have always been distinguished for the blindest prejudices, and wildest perverseness, and grossest absurdities, especially in matters pertaining to human progress and general philanthropy.

But not least among the evils connected with capital punishment, is the fact that so many arrested for crimes punishable with death, escape conviction, and are turned loose upon society to repeat their crimes, simply because death is insisted upon. The gallows must be abolished or four-fifths of all the criminals will escape all punishment. The sooner it is removed the sooner will the community be secure from these desperadoes, who now run at large. The prison will be their home; and God will inflict their punishment.

W. S. B.

A person once observed to an ancient Greek philosopher, that it was a great happiness to have what we desire.—The sage replied:—But it is much greater happiness to desire nothing but what we have.



## INTEREST PAID FOR CHRISTIAN KINDNESS.

It will be recollected that we announced some weeks since that the Methodist Society of North Bennett-street, Boston, kindly offered the use of their Vestry to Father Streeter's Society, at the time their Church was damaged by fire. The offer was gladly accepted by them, and used several weeks both for a Conference Meeting, and the Sabbath School. When their house was so far repaired, that the Vestry could be again used, one of the deacons was directed to express their thanks to the Methodists for their Christian kindness. He wrote a letter which he delivered in person to one of the officers of the Church, and at the time of delivering it took occasion to thank him and his brethren for their favor. "You are under no obligations at all," said the gentleman; "we have only been paying some of the interest of a debt we owe you. For when we were without a house, Mr. Murray gave us the use of his, and even took up a collection to help us build one."

Such acts of kindness do more for religion, than all the efforts of snarling bigots. No doubt there are hundreds of Methodist preachers who will think that their denomination has been disgraced by this act of Christian courtesy—this return of good for good. But the days of bigotry are hastening rapidly away, and the time draweth nigh when the narrow-minded, denunciatory bigot will be held in the same light, that old Jesuit is now held by all enlightened Protestants. Charity is beginning to be thought better than hatred, and deeds of kindness than vindictive curses. Vengeance is dying out from the Church; and millions are already prepared to sing the song of triumph over its grave. The reason is, endless punishment as an article of faith is losing its power. In many portions of our country, it has ceased to exert a controlling influence, and to infuse its bitter spirit into the hearts of the people. Christians drink now at the fountain of love, and the warm blood of affection flows freely through their hearts. We would say therefore, to the heralds of our glorious faith—"Press on; sound louder and louder the notes of infinite love; grow stronger and stronger in your work; for your labor is not in vain in the Lord." O. A. S.

## THE WRATH OF GOD.

Though the word wrath is frequently applied to God, no well informed Christian supposes that he is capable of wrath in the same sense that men are. And yet, there are many, who are ready to press the use of the word, as an argument against the salvation of all men. They think that it must imply something adverse to the sinner. But if they are right, God must be capable of wrath in the sense that men are; and if so, he cannot be perfect. Great injury has been done to Christianity by such false interpretations of the Scriptures; for what man of sense can believe in a God who is capable of being swayed by those passions which are the characteristics of human imperfection? If the Bible teaches an impossibility, it cannot be wholly true. Though ten thousand messengers were to say, infinity can change, I could not believe them. I would not put reason above Revelation; for God has revealed many things which unassisted reason could never discover; but I should have no hesitation in saying, that reason must forever reject that which it sees to be impossible.

The Scriptural use of the word wrath, presents no difficulty to an enlightened Christian. Paul says, the magistrate is a servant of God—a revenger to inflict wrath on him who worketh evil. Here the word wrath means punishment—not an unjust punishment—not a retaliatory punishment, but one essential to the order and safety of society. The wrath of God

means the punishment which he inflicts; or more properly perhaps, that opposition to sin which causes him to punish the sinner. It does not imply, however, the least want of regard for the sinner, or the least violation of mercy in punishing him. It cannot imply this, for if it did, it would prove God imperfect.

O. A. S.

## A SAMPLE OF OPPOSITION.

A subscriber in Pompey, Ohio, writes us that one of his neighbors is so bitterly opposed to Universalism that he threatens those who read the paper with the "flames of hell." He tells our friend that Universalism is a lie, or the Bible is a lie, and that our ablest preachers are a set of vile wretches. We can only say to our friend "M.C.," keep cool, and show this opposer that yours is the better doctrine. An Apostle has said, "They who will live godly must suffer persecution;" and the Master told his disciples, "If they have called the Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more those of his own household."

We have read somewhere that even as good a man as Stephen was stoned to death; and a preacher whom the Lord sent to the Gentiles was called a "pestilent fellow, and was imprisoned and scourged as a malefactor. Yet they sought no revenge, they invoked no curse from heaven; they spake not of their tormentors in angry and menacing tones. They had to encounter insults and reproaches and abuse from those who, like M. C.'s neighbor, would "hear nothing, nor read nothing that opposed them;" yet they triumphed, and the truth prevailed and the victory was gained. Let us then adopt their motto, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good;" and let us destroy the virulent temper of the adversary in a similar way to that by which the vengeful spirit of Saul of Tarsus was destroyed, by being "kind even to the evil and the unthankful."

B. E. H.

## DECLARE THE WHOLE COUNSEL OF GOD.

Paul said, he had not shunned to declare all the counsel of God. How different must he have been from many ministers. They think it best to keep back a part of God's counsel. Instead of preaching the whole truth, they preach so much of it as the people are willing to hear. Such seek to please, not to convince, guide and control those who hear them. O. A. S.

## LADIES' SEWING SOCIETY.

What may not a few devoted ladies accomplish? Men are too apt to look upon their aid as a mere matter of form; and so common is the practice of expecting nothing at their hand, that very frequently they imbibe some erroneous notions, and make no efforts to aid the cause of truth, except by good wishes and attendance at Church. To remove these prejudices and encourage other warm-hearted sisters, I will briefly relate what a few active ladies have accomplished at Glens Falls.

They organized themselves into a Benevolent Society nearly four years ago. Their parties seldom exceed in number twelve or fifteen; yet, as the fruit of their labors and favors, they have furnished the Sabbath School with about fifty dollars' worth of books; they have paid eighty dollars on the debt contracted for building our new church; they have furnished the church with curtains, lamps, and a set of communion service plate; aided the poor, &c., till the whole sum they have expended in cash, amounts to the sum of *four hundred and ninety-four dollars and seventeen cents*, besides they have put down carpets throughout the church and cushioned all the seats. Still they are not in debt, but have a small sum on hand, and ply their needles as busily as ever.

How many societies have we where a greater number of men feel heavily burdened if called upon to do as much as these sisters have done voluntarily and cheerfully? But this is not the most pleasing feature of their Society. During all this time the



most happy social feeling has been cultivated. Not the slightest discord has ever occurred among them. No divisions, unkind words, or ill-feeling has been shown in a solitary instance; but much Christian feeling has been the fruit of this Society's meetings.

Let others be encouraged. Zeal and perseverance *may*, and *will* succeed, and these are the very things too many of our societies woefully lack.

*Glens Falls.*

J. B.

#### DISAVOWAL OF FELLOWSHIP.

Having published the resolution of the Massachusetts State Convention, disavowing any fellowship or connection with Rev. J. B. Dods, as a preacher of our faith, we deem it no more than an act of justice to him, to publish the counter-resolution adopted by him in relation to that body, and which was published recently in the "Trumpet:"

*Resolved*, That the Massachusetts Convention of Universalists (nor any other in the United States) is not in fellowship with J. B. Dods, and that he does not consider himself responsible for their conduct.

J. B. Dods.

We think Mr. Dods perfectly correct in the position he assumes, in the remarks offered by him in connection with the above resolution, viz: That inasmuch as he had not asked the fellowship of the Convention, and had never been in fellowship with it, the Convention had no right to meddle with him, and their proceeding was entirely uncalled for. If it be said that unworthy men may undertake the office of preacher, and it is therefore necessary to pass such resolutions, in order to put the public on their guard against imposition and prevent scandal to the cause, we reply that we are not responsible for the conduct of those not in our fellowship, and the public have no right to charge us with any such responsibility. It was for the purpose of guarding ourselves against this very difficulty that the rite of fellowship was instituted. In that rite we endorse the claims of the candidate to the character he assumes, and when we refuse to fellowship an individual, or when our fellowship is not asked for, it is understood, as a matter of course, that we do not endorse his claims, and that we are not in any manner responsible for his conduct; and for a grave ecclesiastical body solemnly to resolve that they are not responsible in such a case, is simply ridiculous. Nay it is worse than this, it is a gross and wanton interference with other people's rights, inasmuch as we throw our censures where we have no right to interfere. We take it that in this free country, any man has a right to preach, that the people have a mind to hear, and the people have a right to select any man to preach for them that they please, whether he be in fellowship with our denomination or not, and if they suffer in consequence of such an independent exercise of their rights, the fault is entirely their own. They have no right to complain of the denomination, on account of the injury they have sustained by giving countenance or employment to individuals not in fellowship with the order.

The whole difficulty we apprehend, lies, in the defective organization of many of our ecclesiastical bodies. It was so, until recently, with the New York Association, that any individual who should move within its territorial limits, and commence preaching Universalism, was in its fellowship, whether he chose to be or not. Admonished by sad experience, of the evil of such an absurd regulation, they took measures at their session, at Southhold, in 1848, to remedy it by making it necessary to sign a certain declaration indicating both a desire and a fitness to be in fellowship, before receiving it. For this wise precautionary measure they have been denounced in terms of unmeasured severity, by those who, in their blind zeal for the largest liberty, seem to be verging strongly upon licentiousness.

We hold that the action of the Association was necessary and proper, and let other associated bodies copy their examples, and they will be relieved at once from the ridiculous necessity of passing a solemn resolution to let the world know that they do not fellowship every professor of Legerdemain, Mesmerism or humbuggery in general that may happen to come along.

S. C. B.

#### CAUSE OF GRATITUDE—KINDNESS TO THE POOR.

Spring has begun at last, and who does not rejoice? We have rarely endured a severer winter than the one just past. And yet the watchful care and abundant blessings of indulgent Heaven have preserved our country from an unusual amount of suffering. In our large towns there are always to be found poor and miserable beings, who need the charities of the benevolent. A large proportion of this class are foreigners who have fled from oppression, but brought their poverty and ignorance along with them. For their sakes, humanity makes us feel a pity which prompts to their relief. But when we think of the causes of their poverty, our sense of justice and right awakens a feeling of abhorrence towards their proud oppressors, who brag so loudly about their enlightenment and Christian philanthropy, and prate about the cruelty of this country towards the poor slave. The last is an evil we admit, but the other should not be forgotten. The ruined hovels in Ireland tell the base inhumanity of British Landlords, who have turned their tenants houseless and penniless upon the world. Others have generously (?) subscribed to defray their expenses to this country to get rid of them! And their Government has condescended to aid them in carrying out their benevolent operations!

But, notwithstanding we have the poor of Great Britain and our own, we all have "enough and to spare." God has given us a blessed country—the pride of the earth—the glory of the Nations! We cannot be too thankful for the privileges of our birth and country. They excel those in any other nation, and no candid European will deny it. In everything which fits a man for life we have the advantage—not in the luxuries, the lighter and finer things of fashion; but in all that makes the man, and qualifies him for a useful, independent and happy existence. Let God be praised, while we all strive to act worthy of our high privileges.

W. S. B.

#### OUR NEW PLACE OF BUSINESS.

By the announcements already given it will be generally known that we have removed the office of this Paper and the Universalist Book Establishment from the narrow, crowded, dirty street and *unfindable* place we formerly occupied in a second story, to the neat, retired, and convenient store, No. 3 Astor House, in Barclay street, only a few steps from Broadway.

We have made this remove at considerable addition to our expenses, for the better accommodation of our friends and patrons. We now have a store accessible to all—to ladies as well as to gentlemen—to those from the country as well as to those in the city. And we hope, in a few weeks, to add somewhat to our stock of books, by keeping a larger and more general assortment, together with stationery, for the supply of our customers. We do not intend to go largely into the *general* Book Trade. But, in addition to a full assortment of our denominational works, we have made arrangements to supply orders from our preachers and others in city or country, and to furnish them with such books as they may need, at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. We shall give particular attention to the purchase of Juvenile Books, suitable for Sunday School Libraries.



We have all the facilities for doing this business in the most satisfactory manner; and persons or schools intrusting us to select and purchase books for them, may depend upon having everything done right and promptly, and on terms entirely satisfactory. We respectfully solicit their patronage, as we can do their business so as to be profitable to them and ourselves.

We also ask respectfully for the continued co-operation of our friends in aiding the circulation of our paper. We think all must be satisfied that we send them a good paper, and deserve to be sustained. Brethren, we must help one another.

### PUBLIC SERVICES AT OUR CITY CHURCHES.

We frequently hear complaints by our friends from the country that they do not know at what time services are held in our Churches, and so are prevented from attending when they come to the city. One man told us the other day that he walked over two miles to attend a particular Church the other Sabbath afternoon, and when he arrived found it closed, and it was too late to seek out another.

We would give notice to all concerned, that there is service in the Orchard-street, Bleecker-street and Murray-street Churches in the *Morning* at half past 10: in the Orchard and Fourth-street in the *Afternoon* at 3, and in the Bleecker street, Murray-street and Fourth street in the *Evening* at half past 7. In Brooklyn in the Unitarian Church, in the *Afternoon*; and in Williamsburgh, *Morning* and evening.

Conference Meetings are held in the Bleecker-street Lecture Room every Tuesday, in Murray-street every Thursday and in Orchard-street, every Friday, commencing at half past seven. Open to the public, and all invited to attend.

### DEDICATION IN PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The new Church, erected by the Second Universalist Society in Providence, R. I., will be dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, the Universal Father, on Tuesday next, 3d of April. Services to commence at 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M. Sermon by Rev. J. M. Cook, pastor of the Society. There will also be services in the afternoon and evening, and perhaps on the following day.

### FAIR AT CLINTON.

The young ladies of the Institute held a Fair on the evening of the twenty-third of February last, which was fair in several respects. First, there were many fair things said, and heard; second, there were many fair articles of merchandise sold; and third, there were many fair young ladies not to be bought with money; but who were willing to receive money in exchange for anything that the tables afforded.

The school-room was very neatly dressed out with evergreens, and judiciously lighted and ventilated. A description of all the articles for sale and the attractions presented would be a difficult task. There were embroidered capes, collars and caps; pin-cushions, needle-books, emery-bags, book-marks, purses and hosiery; embroidered shoes, port-folios, work-baskets, brooches, fancy boxes, pins and perfumery. One of the most conspicuous articles, was a beautiful bedquilt, which was put up at chances, and most fortunately fell to a married man: if it had unluckily been drawn by an odd-fellow, it is hard to tell what would have been the effect upon his nervous system; he would likely have been carried home in an insensible state.

But to proceed—there was material for the literary man too: books of various kinds, from "Tales for children," up to "Macaulay's England," which went off like the morning dew; but the stock was not large enough, and as it was dwindling down, we wished that our old friend Demarest had come up with a whole armful of literature, and favored us with his book-selling abilities. However, we had an active young lady to attend to that department, who performed her part to the satisfaction of

all concerned. And then there was the eating department. Bless me! cakes and candies, and macaroons, and coffee, and ice-cream, and a whole barrel of oysters; all cooked in the latest and most approved style. And then such waiters too! Stand aside, all ye Astor Houses, and Tremont Hotels, with your white-aproned men—you must not range yourselves on the same plank with us. Men to wait on us? No! Give us the young ladies of the Institute, and we'll pay down for the oysters without looking at the money.

Then there was a large Dauguerotype likeness of our old friend Stephen R. Smith, elegantly framed, which was put at chances, and taken off by a Vermonter. By the way, we must not forget to mention the liberality of our friends in Buffalo, who not only sent us this likeness, but also a box full of treasures of various kinds. And also our friends in Utica, who came out in full force, and rendered us great assistance during the evening, both with their pockets and their hands, and furnished us with one of the best auctioneers we have seen in many a day. And last, but not least, our good friends in New York remembered us, and sent us some substantial tokens of their good will; among whom we must not forget to mention Mr. O. D. Ward, Mr. H. Fisher, and two or three young ladies.

And now you will naturally inquire what was all this "roust about?" So we will tell you. There is a small eminence near by us here, which overlooks the village and the valley of the Oriskany, upon which we propose to erect a new building for the use of the Female Department of the Institute. The present school-house is neither large enough nor convenient: besides, it has a door-yard in front, which has been found by actual measurement to contain one hundred square feet of ground; so that if fifty young ladies should go out after the labors of the day to exercise in the open air in their own door-yard, each of them would have the enormous space of two square feet for her accommodation.

Now the proposition is to have more room, both in doors and out—a breathing space, and an acting space—a space a little way back from the public eye; where the young ladies shall have an opportunity of studying botany in their own garden, and playing a healthful game upon their own lawn—a building which shall be in every way commodious, as to sleeping-rooms, study-rooms, recitation rooms, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, &c. What say you, ladies of the State of New York? Will you have such a school, to which you can send your daughters to be educated? Gentlemen will please stand back. Br. Sawyer and Br. Tuttle will have a word to say to them about the Male Department; but our business is now with the ladies. What say you then—will you have such a school as the one proposed under your own control, or the control of the Denomination to which you belong? Don't put on a long face and say you would like to see such a school, but you fear it will never be built, for I assure you it will be built, and we shall look to you for a part of the money to pay for it.

Ground will be broken as soon as the Spring opens, on the hill of which we have spoken, and we shall strike in and spend the money we have already raised, without waiting a single hour for more. Three acres of ground have been generously given us as a location, and a road will be opened, and a plank walk laid down from the village to the school-house, as soon as they are called for; and that too without drawing a cent from our pockets.

The young ladies of the School, under the direction of their teachers, Miss Barker, Miss Richards and Miss Newton, have shown a very commendable zeal in their labors for this object, and independently of their daily duties during the past three or four months, have prepared most of the articles sold at their late Fair. Who will go and do likewise? Nobody, we hope, who cannot do it with a cheerful heart and willing mind, feeling that she is doing something to advance the cause of education among us, and to give us a name and an influence among our fellow men.

The proceeds of the Fair, after all expenses were paid, amounted to two hundred dollars.

M. G.

Clinton, March 12, 1849.

The difference between rising at six and rising at eight o'clock in the course of forty years, supposing a person to go to bed at the same time he otherwise would, amounts to 20,000 hours, or three years, one hundred and twenty-one days and fifteen hours; which will afford eight hours a day for exactly ten years; which is, in fact, the same as if ten years were added to the period of our lives, in which we might command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our mind, and the dispatch of our business.



## THE UNIVERSALIST RELIEF FUND.

At the suggestion of some the Board, we republish, this week, the following circular, containing suggestions as to the proper method of making applications for the benefit of the Relief Fund. We take the liberty to suggest to brother editors throughout the State the propriety of copying this document.

The undersigned of the Trustees of the New York Universalist Relief Fund, request the attention of applicants for aid to the subjoined Circular; as by the terms of the bequest, no relief can be granted except on the presentation of the necessary vouchers.

Particular attention to the form and the time of making the application: The latter to be made on or before May 10, 1849; is requisite for a favorable and prompt consideration by the Board of Trustees.

*To all Universalist Clergymen in fellowship with the N. York State Convention, their widows and orphans:*

The Trustees of the Universalist Relief Fund, for the purpose, of avoiding frequent inconvenience, delays and expense take this method of informing all persons interested in said Fund,

1. That under the express conditions of the Bequest, no relief can be granted by the Trustees, but on the vote and direction of the Convention of this State. And

2. That all applications for relief must be made to the Trustees whose duty it is to ascertain the situation of the applicants, and report annually to the Convention.

The object of this fund as set forth in the will and testament of the donor, is to benefit and relieve "sick and infirm clergymen of the Universalist faith, and the widows and orphans of deceased clergymen of the Universalist Church, who, previous to their death, were in fellowship with the Convention of the State of New York." To report in favor of granting any relief, the Trustees must be satisfied that the clergyman, making application on the grounds of sickness and infirmity, is in fellowship with the New York State Convention, and is suffering under some chronic disease, producing infirmity and unfitting him for the duties of his profession, and also that he is in indigent circumstances which render him a proper subject of this charity. If it be the widow, orphan, or orphans of a clergyman making the application, the Trustees must be satisfied that they are what they thus represent themselves to be; that their husband or father was at the time of his death a clergyman in fellowship with the N. Y. State Convention, and that they are in indigent circumstances, which call for relief.

For instance, if a clergyman makes application, it is necessary for him to show.

1. That he is a Universalist clergyman in fellowship with the convention of the State of New York.

2. That he is sick and infirm, or infirm from the effects of age, and therefore incapable of providing for his wants by his professional labors.

3. That he is in indigent circumstances, and requires the aid of charity.

In case the applicant be a widow, orphan or orphans, it must be shown—

1. That she is the widow, or he, or she is the child, or if more than one, that they are the children, of a Universalist clergyman, who at the time of his death, was in fellowship with the Convention of the State of N. York.

2. That they are in circumstances of want, and require relief from the hand of charity.

Besides the names of the parties in full, it should be stated in what town and county they reside, to what Association the Clergyman belongs or belonged, and in what place he resided at the time of his death.

These facts and statements should all be satisfactorily avouched by well known and accredited Universalist clergymen, or by the officers of the town or county, or by other well known and credible citizens, whose certificates duly signed, should always accompany the application.

By attending to these directions, much difficulty may be avoided, and sometimes important delays prevented.

Address Jacob Harsen, or Abner Chichester, City of N. York.

## Miscellaneous Department.

## LETTER OF LAMARTINE,

PREFATORY TO HIS CONFESSIONS.

*Translated for the Home Journal.*

Let me hasten to the subject of your letter. You ask me what can be the character of those "Confessions," the publication of which, in its numbers, is announced by a journal very widely circulated throughout France and Europe? You have reason for surprise, to see me thus unveil to the careless glance of countless *feuilleton*-readers the private records of my obscure life, while it still continues. "This publicity," you say, "wilts the heart's blossoms, and *feuilletons* are the base coin of literature. Why do you commit this fault?" you add, with that candor dashed with roughness which is true friendship! stoic philosophy. "Is it that you may feed your soul's hunger with your own sentiments? They will be less yours than all the world's. Is it for fame? It does not gild the cradle, and rests upon the grave of very few among men. Celebrity is but to-day's glory, and knows no morrow. Is it for money? It would be too dearly bought and too deeply toiled for, if wrung from the drops of your own veins. Explain all this, which is a mystery to me, or pause, if it be not too late."

Alas! my friend, I will explain, and with an humble avowal, in commencing, that you are in the right on every point. Yet, when you shall have listened, with indulgent ears, to my explanation, you, perhaps, will mournfully confess, in your turn, that I have not been wrong. I give you, now, the bare truth; this is a confession, too, and perhaps not the least imprudent one.

You recall the period of our youth, those autumn days that I spent with you in your mother's lovely home in Dauphine, upon that hill of Fairsite, which swells faintly from the plain of Cremieux, like a subsiding billow that wafts a vessel to the shore. I see, from this spot, the terrace embowered in vines, the garden-fountain beneath two weeping-willows which your mother had just planted, and some spray of which must now be scattering its leaflets over her tomb; the great wood behind, where echoed, at morning, the baying of your hounds; the saloon, adorned with your father's portrait, in his general's uniform, with the crimson cordon of the old regime; that turret, too, filled with books, of which your mother kept the key, and which was unclosed only in her presence, for fear that our hands might gather the plants of bane for those of blessing, from amid that luxuriant and deceitful blossoming of human thought, in which the poison and the panacea grow so near each other.

You remember, too, your holiday journeys to Milly, where you knew my mother, who loved you almost as a son? Her kindly face, her eyes melting with the softness of her heart, the touching and sincere accents of her voice, the calm smile that always dwelt upon her friendly lips, never contradicted by any touch of sarcasm—do these linger in your memory?

What connection, is there, you will say, between all this, the mansion of Bien-Assis, the cottage of Milly, my mother and yours, and the publication of those records of your childhood? You will see.

My mother had the custom, early adopted in the somewhat conventual education she had received at Saint-Cloud, of separating the day from repose by an interval of reflection, like that which sages wish to interpose between life and death. When every one in her house had retired, her children asleep in their little beds around her own, and no sound heard but their regular breathing in the room, the sweep of the wind against the shutters, and the dogs barking in the court, she gently



opened the door of a cabinet filled with books of education, devotion and history; she took a seat before a little secretary of rose-wood, inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, dividing it into compartments with an imitation of orange-blossoms in bouquets; she took from a drawer certain little copy-books, bound in gray paste-board, like account-books. In their pages she would write for an hour or two, without once raising her head or letting the pen once rest upon the paper till the fit word should fall into its place.

It was the domestic story of the day, the hour's annals, the fleeting memory of things and impressions, caught and prisoned on their flying course, before night had borne them wholly away; sad or unhappy dates—family events—the dropping of time's sands suspended in the hour-glass—effusions of distress or melancholy—bursts of joy and gratitude—warm prayers springing from the heart to God—all the tangible signs of a nature that lives, loves, rejoices—that sorrows, blesses, prays and worships—in one word, a written soul.

These notes, thus thrown upon paper at the end of each day, like drops of her existence, at length gathered and formed at her death a great and priceless reservoir of recollections for her children. There are twenty-two volumes of them. I have them always near me, and when I wish to meet again, to see and hear the soul of my mother, I open one of these volumes, and it appears before me. You know how hereditary are habits. Ah! why are virtues less so! This habit of my mother's became mine at an early age. When I left college, she showed me these pages, and said to me:—

"Do as I have done—hold up a mirror to your life. Devote an hour to recording your impressions, and to looking silently into your conscience. It is well to think, in the day time, before committing such or such an act: 'I shall blush before myself this evening, while writing it.' It is sweet, too, to imprison the joys which vanish from us, or the tears that fall from our eyes, to find them again, years after in these pages, and to say: 'For this, then, I have been happy! for this, I once wept!' This teaches us the uncertainty of feelings and of things; this forces us to estimate joys and sorrows, not by their value for the instant which deceives us, but by their worth for eternity, which only cannot deceive."

I listened to those words, and obeyed. But I did not obey literally. I did not every day record the day that had passed, as my mother had done. The hurrying course of life—the fire of passions—the sway of places persons, thoughts and objects—the repentance of a conscience often wounded—which I could not have studied without sorrow and self-contempt—prevented my keeping this narrative of my steps in life with the conscientious exactness of that holy woman. But from time to time, in the tranquil hours of the soul's repose—in those lonely periods when the heart gathers round it tender memories—in those dead hours of existence that are vital only with the Past—I wrote without care, and without thinking whether another eye than my own would ever read those pages. I wrote, I repeat, not all, but the leading emotions of my inner life. I disturbed, with the point of my pen, the ashes, warm or cold, of my past. I breathed upon those dead cinders in my heart, to restore, for yet a few days to my bosom, their warmth and glow. I did this at seven or eight different periods of my life, under the forms of notes, linked to each other by no farther union than the identity of the soul which has recorded them.

This said, follow me a moment longer, and excuse the length of my letter.

Five or six years ago, I had sought a refuge, one summer, and a tranquil period of labor over the History of the French Revolution, in the little island of Ischia, mid-

way in the gulf of Gaeta, and divided from the continent by that lovely sea without which no situation has perfect beauty for me—that visible infinitude which brings clearly before our eyes the limits of time, and half reveals the boundlessness of eternity. Ischia, as you will see in reading these pages, has always been dear to me for another reason. It is the scene of two of the most tender memories of my life: one, like infancy in its early loveliness, the other, strong, grave and lasting, as the age of manhood. We love the places where we have loved. They seem to retain unchanged for us our younger heart, and to restore it to us unsullied—to love again.

One day in the summer of 1843, I was alone, stretched under the shade of a lemon-tree, upon the terrace of the fisher's cottage which I occupied, gazing on the sea, listening to its wavelets as they sweep up and away again the tinkling shells of its strand, and inhaling the rush of air which the shock of each surge flung before it, like the moist fan waved by the wretched slaves of our tropical countries before their masters' eyes. I had finished examining, the day before, the memoirs, manuscripts and documents that I had brought for the history of the Girondins. Still, materials were wanting.

I had unfolded those which never fail us—our memories. I was writing upon my knee, the history of Graziella, that sadly charming by-gone tale of passion, which I had long ago experienced in this same gulf, and I was writing it in view of the island of Procida, within sight of the little ruin of the house buried in vines and its adjoining garden, to which her shadow seemed still to point.

Beneath the blazing sun I saw a boat cutting her way under full sail, through waves of foam. A young man and young woman were striving to shelter their heads in the shadow of themast.

The garden gate opened, and a little lad of Ischia, who acted as guide for visitors to the island, entered, and unexpectedly announced a stranger to me. I saw a young man advancing, of a tall and graceful figure, with a slow measured step, like that of one who bears within a thought he fears to give words to; with a manly and benignant face, surrounded by a dark beard, a profile which described against the clear sky two pure Grecian lines, like those countenances of Plato's young followers which are found upon medals or cut stones of brownish white among the sands of the Piroeus. I recognized the step, the profile, and the melodious voice of Eugene Pelletan, one of the friends of my second period of life. You know his name as that of one of those writers who, more than others, spread over their earlier pages the dawning light of our future glory, those who are living prophecies of the ideas about to be unfolded; forerunners of an age in which we shall share only by our wishes. I love Pelletan through the charm the future has for all of us. I receive him like good tidings, and like a friend. He is one of those men who, without ever intruding, aid you to think as well as to feel.

He had left his young and pretty wife at a house by the shore. After talking a few moments of France and of this island, whether he had by chance learned at Naples that I had retired, he perceived the pages on my knee, and the half-worn pencil in my fingers. He asked what I was doing. "Will you listen to it," said I, "while your young wife is sleeping, after the fatigue of crossing and you are yourself resting against the stem of that orange-tree?" And I read, while the sun was setting behind the Epomer, a high mountain of the island, several pages of the story of Graziella. The place and hour, the gathering shade, the sky and sea, the odor of the blossoms blended themselves with those colorless



and scentless pages, and spread before him an illusion as of distance and surprise. He appeared touched by them. We closed the book, and descended to the shore; we visited the island in the evening with his wife; I entertained him until morning, and he returned. I remained until the first autumn storms in Ischia, and myself took leave of it for Saint-Point.

Urgent business recalled me thither; the *res arguta domi* of Horace, a sad phrase, which the moderns have translated by "domestic difficulties," "strained fortune," "want of the means of life," according to various conditions. "How have you made their acquaintance?" you doubtless say to me. "Could you not free yourself of them by serving your country honestly, in the liberally rewarded career of its public business, which has never been closed against you?" That is true; but I have preferred, since 1830, to serve at my own expense in the army of God, an unpaid soldier, fighting for those ideas which have no earthly "appropriations" to support them. Whatever the cause, I was suddenly required to repay a considerable sum that I had borrowed to purchase from my family the property and house of my mother, that very Milly which you knew so well, and where we have so often dreamed and wandered together; you were sixteen and I fifteen. At my mother's death this property rather one of the heart than of the soil, was about to be sold, to be divided into five parts, of which I possessed not one. It was to become the property of strangers. My sisters and brothers-in-law, as much distressed as myself, generously offered me all means for preserving this common treasure of their recollections. I was then richer. I made an extraordinary effort and purchased Milly. I hoped to finish my days there. The weight of that property, for the last sod of which I paid with borrowed money, crushed me beneath it for a long period. I welcomed the burden, that I might escape selling a memory with every furrow. I have never repented of it. I do not repent of it now. But the hour at length came in which I must sink beneath it, or sell. I urged in vain for delay. If time has wings, the interest on a capital has the weight and swiftness of the past.

I was overwhelmed, and lost in doubt and anguish. I decided upon a course, and then receded from my resolution. I gazed despairingly from the distance towards that little gray steeple on the slope of the hill, towards the house-roof, and the tops of the lindens I knew so well, visible from the road, above the tiled-roofs of the village.

I said to myself, "I shall no more be able to pass by that road; no more to look in that direction. That steeple, that hill, those walls and roof will reproach me my life long for having yielded them up for a few bags of crowns. And those excellent villagers! those poor and hardy vine-dressers, who are my foster-brothers, and with whom I passed my childhood, eating the same bread at the same table! what will they say? what will become of them, when they are told that I have sold their fields, their vineyards, their roof-tree, their cattle and kids, and that a strange owner, who knows them not, nor loves them, will to-morrow uproot, perhaps forever, their whole destiny, deeply entwined, as mine is, with this soil, unfertile, it is true, yet their home?"

And I returned yet more harassed and perplexed. But time pressed. I sent for one of those estimable country agents, who buy property on a great scale to sell it again in smaller parts, one of those intelligent land-brokers, and said to him: "Sell for me as much of Milly as will raise the sum of a hundred thousand francs," or rather, as says the Merchant of Venice to the Jew, "Sell me a pound of my own flesh."

He was a man of feeling, whom you know, for he is

of your district, M. M——. I saw tears in his eyes. He would have renounced his profit from the transaction, to spare me this grief, but there was no longer time for hesitation. We went together to the spot, upon some vague pretext, to decide what part of the domain could most properly be separated from it, and be divided into lots within the means of the purchasers in the neighborhood. But here the difficulty became more insoluble, and the suffering more intense between us. "Sir," he said to me, stretching out his arm, and cutting the air with a gesture, as a plougher cuts the soil, "there is a lot which might easily be sold in one piece, and would not cut too irregularly into that which remains." "Yes," I answered, "but it is the vineyard my father planted on my birthday, and which he has always charged us to retain in memory of him, as the best portion of the estate, watered with the sweat of his brow." "Well, then," resumed the appraiser, "here is another that would tempt buyers, of small fortunes, as it would do well for cattle." "Yes," I answered, "but that is impossible; it is the stream, the meadow and the orchard where our mother made us play and bathe in childhood, and where she reared with so much care, those apple, apricot, and cherry-trees for us. Let us look at some other part." "That hill behind the house!" But that was the boundary of the garden, and the view from the windows of our sitting-room. Who could see it now without tears in his eyes? "That group of scattered cottages then, with terraced vines sloping down to the valley?" "Ah! that is the house of my sisters' attendant, and of the old woman who reared me myself, with so much affection. It would be as well to buy them two places in the burial-ground, for the grief of being exiled from their roof tree and their vineyard would soon bring them there." "Well, then, the mansion itself, with its buildings, the gardens, and the space about the enclosure?" "But I wish to die there in my father's bed. Impossible! it would be the self-destruction of all family affections." "What have you to object to that hollow of the valley, which cannot be seen from your window?" "Nothing! only that it encloses the old cemetery, where were buried, in my sight, during my childhood, my little brother and a sister, I have so often wept for. Let us go elsewhere; here on all sides, we should wound and sacrifice some sacred feeling."

We walked in vain; we could find nothing that might be detached without tearing away with it a fragment of my soul. At evening I sadly re-entered the house. I did not sleep.

The next morning the country post brought me a packet of letters. There was one from Paris. The address was written in one of those clear, rapid, firm hands, which proclaim, in the readiness of the writing, the minds promptness, and steady resolve. I opened it. It was from M. de Girardin. "M. Pelleton," he said to me, "has spoken with interest of some pages of memories of your childhood which he heard read at Ischia. Will you send them to the press? It will send you in return whatever sum you shall ask." I answered without hesitating, by an expressing of thanks and a refusal. "The sum offered by your journal," I said to M. Girardin, "is far above these few worthless pages—but I could not resolve to publish these dusty fragments from my stores of memory devoid of interest for other eyes than mine."

The letter was sent. The notary came, six days afterwards to settle the deed of sale of Milly. The business man had at length detached a first portion of fifty thousand francs, ready to find a purchaser. The deed was on the table. With one word I was about to put this portion forever out of my sight. My hand trembled, my look grew uncertain, and my heart failed.



At that moment some one opened my door. It was the postman. He threw a letter from Paris on the table. M. de Girardin insisted on his wish with an earnest friendless of feeling and expression. He gave me three years to become reconciled to the idea. Distance smoothed away the sharpness of all difficulties. It mellowed because it veils everything. I concealed from myself none of the bitter results that must flow from the engagement I was about to make. I weighed on one hand the misery of seeing careless eyes scrutinize the palpitating pulses of my heart, bared to a gaze that felt no charity; on the other, the rending of my soul, from which I should by this deed tear a portion with my own hand. I must make a sacrifice of self-love or a sacrifice of feeling. I covered my eyes with my hand, I made the choice with my heart. I took the deed for the sale of Milly from the notary's hand; I tore it, and replied to M. de G.:—"I accept." Milly was saved, and I was bound. Think of Bien-Assis, and condemn me if you can. In my place, would you have done otherwise?

Let this, however, relieve you. In yielding these simple leaves, I have given up myself only. They contain neither a name nor a recollection which could be darkened, through my imprudence, by a shadow or a sorrow. I have met few bad men on my way through life. I have lived in an atmosphere of goodness, of genius, of generosity, love and virtue. I remember the good only, and forget others without an effort. My soul is like those basins in which the Mexican gold washers collect the spangles of pure metal from the torrents of the Cordilliers. The sand falls through, the gold remains in them. Are we the better for burdening our memories with aught that does not serve to strengthen, to delight or to solace the heart?

Now, when the annoyance of this publicity that must be endured weighs too grievously on my thoughts—when I fancy the pity of some, the half smile of others, the carelessness of all in turning over those pages, which should remain veiled in shadow, violations as they are of life's most sacred secrets, or of the privacy of the hearth of home, I saddle my horse, I slowly ascend the pebbly path to Milly—I see among the fields and among the vineyards on either side, peasants who welcome me from the distance with a cordial nod, a friendly gesture and a grateful smile—I take my seat under the autumn sunshine, in the most retired corner of the garden, from which my father's roof and vines and orchard are plainly seen—I gaze with moist eyes upon that little square cottage, with the huge ivy planted by my mother drawing its angles in softness and greenness, like natural buttresses sprung from the earth to guard our ancient walls from crumbling before me—I listen to the sound of the vine-dresser's spade turning the earth upon the hill-side that I have kept for them—I watch, as it curls up from their lava-roofs, the smoke from the fire of vine twigs kindled by the women upon their old hearths, their signal of recal from the fields—I trace the shadow of the lindens lengthening in the evening light, creeping slowly towards me like spirits coming to caress my feet with blessings. I say to myself:—"The world censures me—my friends misunderstand me; well! I have no right to complain. But this garden, this lovely house, those vines and trees, those aged men and women, those children, thank me for the slight mortification I endure that I may keep them happy or unharmed about me till the morrow of my last evening. Ah, let me, for their sake welcome this sorrow. I will at some time tell the story to my father, to my mother, to my sisters, spirits, when I shall meet them in the mansions of our eternal Father; and they will not blame me, ah! no—they will pity and perhaps bless me for what I have done."

Do, then, as they would, you too, my old friend! Be

kindly pitying. And if you cannot approve, at least pardon me, while thinking of the walls and trees among which you are gently growing old, circled with the atmosphere of your early days and with the holy embrace of your father's memory.

A DE LAMARTINE,  
To M. PROSPER GUICHARD, of Bien-Assis.  
*Saint point, December 25 1847.*

## Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Selected.

### SPARE THE BIRDS.

BY REV. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D. D.

Spare, spare the gentle bird,  
Nor do the pretty warbler wrong,  
In the greenwood is heard  
Its sweet and happy song;  
Its song so clear and glad,  
Each listener's heart hath stirred,  
And none, however sad,  
But blessed that happy bird.

And when at early day  
The farmer trod the dew,  
It met him on the way,  
With welcome blithe and true;  
So, when, at weary eve,  
He homeward wends his way,  
Full sorely would he grieve  
To miss the well loved lay.

The mother who had kept  
Watch o'er her wakeful child,  
Smiled as the baby slept,  
Soothed by its wood-notes wild;  
And gladly had she flung  
The casement open free,  
As the dear warbler sung  
From out the household tree.

The sick man on his bed  
Forgets his weariness,  
And turns his feeble head  
To list its songs that bless  
His spirits, like a stream  
Of mercy from on high,  
Or music in the dream  
That seals the prophet's eye.

O! laugh not at my words,  
To warn your childhood's hours;  
Cherish the gentle birds—  
Cherish the fragile flowers;  
For since man was bereft  
Of Paradise, in tears,  
God the sweet thing hath left,  
To cheer our eyes and ears.

### THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

"A mother sitting in her parlor, overheard her child, whom a sister was dressing, say repeatedly, "No, I don't want to say my prayers, I don't want to say my prayers."



"Mother," said the child appearing at the parlor door.

"Good morning, my child."

"I am a going to get my breakfast."

"Stop a minute, I want you to come and see me first."

The mother laid down her work on the next chair as the boy ran towards her. She took him up. He knelt in her lap, and laid his face down upon her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair slowly backward and forward. "Are you pretty well this morning," said she, in a kind, gentle tone.

"Yes, mother, I am very well."

"I am glad you are well. I am very well too; and when I waked up this morning and found that I was well I thanked God for taking care of me."

"Did you," said the boy in a low tone, half a whisper. He paused after it, conscience was at work.

"Did you ever feel my pulse?" asked his mother, after a minute of silence, at the same time taking the boy down and setting him in her lap, and placing her fingers on her wrist.

"No, but I have felt mine."

"Well, don't you feel mine now, how it goes beating."

"Yes," said the child.

"If it should stop beating I should die."

"Should you?"

"Yes I can't keep it beating."

"Who can?"

"God!" A silence. "You have a pulse, too, which beats here in your bosom, in your arm, and all over you, and I cannot keep it beating, nor can you, nobody can but God. If he should not take care of you, who could?"

"I don't know," said the child, with a look of anxiety, and another pause ensued.

"So when I waked this morning I thought I would ask God to take care of me and all of us."

"Did you ask him to take care of me?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I thought you would ask him yourself."

A long pause ensued. The deep and thoughtful expression of his countenance showed that his heart was reached.

"Don't you think you had better ask him yourself?"

"Yes," said the boy, readily.

"He knelted again in his mother's lap, and uttered in his simple and broken language, a prayer for the protection of Heaven."

#### AGE AND YOUTH.

It is the duty of youth to pay respect and attention to age.

They who neglect to do so, must expect to be neglected when they grow old.

Youth will not last forever. Those who are young and gay now, will in a few years be aged and infirm.

Yes, little boys and girls, old age will come sooner than you imagine. Time flies very fast.

Then if you should be deaf or lame, or blind, you will want somebody to soothe and comfort you. When this time comes, it will give you joy to remember that you did all you could to soothe and comfort those who were old, when you were young.

Susan's grandmother is almost blind. She cannot see to read, even with her spectacles.

So every evening, after tea, Susan gets the bible, and sits down by her to read a chapter aloud.

She also, goes out with her to walk; and takes care she does not fall over anything that may be in the way.

She never misses saying, "Good morning, Grandmamma; how do you do this morning?" and always wishes her a good night's rest.

These attentions are a great comfort to her grandmother, who does not feel the loss of sight half so much as if there was nobody to read the bible to her, or to walk with her.

She often says that Susan is the comfort of her old age, and Susan feels quite happy to hear her say so.

When she grows old, it is to be hoped she will have a good grandchild to be kind and attentive to her.

#### DEATHS.

In Harford, Susquehanna, Co. Pa., on Monday the 26th February, JOHN ADAMS, aged 104 years. Br. Adams was from Ashburnham, Wexchester Co., Mass. But for several years he resided in the place where he died. During the early part of his life he was a believer in Calvinism, but for many years last past, has been a firm and consistent believer in Universal salvation. As the natural consequence of a life spent in obedience to the laws of his nature physical, intellectual, and moral, he lived to a good old age and in the enjoyment of almost uninterrupted good health. Five children of the fifth generation from him were in existence when he died. On the day that he was one hundred years old he cut out and made a pair of shoes. He retained his faculties to the last and without a struggle or a groan calmly fell asleep in death. He has left a large circle of family connexions, most if not all of whom cherish the same sentiments which comforted him in life and sustained him in the dying hour. His funeral was attended at the Universalist Meeting-House in Brooklin, on Thursday, March 1st, by a large and respectable audience, at which time a discourse, adapted to the occasion was preached by the writer.

In Oxford, January 19th, Mrs. OLIVE FERGUSON, aged 44 years. In Unadilla, Otsego Co. January 25th, Mr. Walter M. Weirais, aged 66 years. The faith of which the deceased was a zealous advocate made him honest and exemplary in health, patient and reconciled in sickness, and happy and triumphant in death. His funeral was attended in the Methodist Meeting-house at Unadilla Centre; by a large audience, Jan. 27th, and by his request a sermon was delivered by

In Preston, January, 23d, Hannah Emma, daughter of Jerial and Alma A. Smith, aged 2 years and 23 days.

In Oxford, Jan. 30th, May, an interesting daughter of Pardon and Mary W. Smith, aged 7 years.

In Guilford, February 7th, Mr. William C. Thompson, aged 48 years. Br. T. was a slave of no party and a bigot of no creed, but a firm believer in the final holiness and happiness of all human beings. Sincere in his faith and faithful in practice, the widow and fatherless in their afflictions found in him an ardent friend and benefactor, and the poor and needy a kind and generous reliever. True in the performance of every duty, his departure is not only a severe affliction to his respected partner and numerous children, but to the neighborhood in which he so long resided, and the denomination he so uniformly supported. He bore a lingering illness with commendable resignation, and in full possession of his reason, and in peace with God and all men, he calmly went to the enjoyment of the glorious fruition of that hope which was his consolation in life and sustainer in death. His funeral was attended in the Methodist Meeting-house, at Van Buren Corners, Feb. 9th, by a very large congregation, who were addressed by the writer, whom he had selected to officiate on that occasion.

In Friendsville, Susquehanna Co., Pa., Feb. 17th, Susan W. Keyes, wife of Andrew J. Keyes, and daughter of Hon. Calvin and Susan Leet, aged 21 years. Sister K. possessed a lively imagination and a rigorous intellect well stored with useful knowledge. She was a dutiful daughter, an estimable sister, an affectionate wife, a faithful friend and an obliging neighbor. A practical as well as a theoretical Universalist; her society was sought by all the virtuous and good who knew her. She was indeed an ornament of community, who honored every position she ever occupied, who never had an enemy, and whose friends included all her acquaintance; and her untimely exit in the morning of life and in the midst of her usefulness, is an irreparable loss to her companion and child, brothers and sisters, venerable parents and many others who were strongly attached to her. She has gone! but she has left behind her "a good name, which is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor than silver or gold." The funeral was attended by an immense concourse of deeply sympathizing citizens, in the Presbyterian Meeting-house, Feb. 19th, who attentively listened to a discourse from the writer.

In Norwich, February 25th, Sally Jane Curtis, wife of Henry Curtis, and daughter of William and Jane Lord, aged 31 years. Mrs. C.'s virtues were heightened and her whole deportment sweetened by a tender simplicity, a quiet unassumingness, mingled with an active, unpretending, universal benevolence. A husband laments the departure of the excellent partner of his bright youthful days, the affectionate participator of the sunlight and shade, the joys and sorrows of his life; offspring are deprived of a mother whose every deed was dictated by love, and "whose gentle voice always breathed the sweet tones" of kindness and affection; the suffering of one who was emphatically their benefactor; and parents, other relations and neighbors are severely afflicted.